

## Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, undated, with transcript

Letter from Mrs Alexander Graham Bell to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell April Sunday Evening My dear Alec:

I want to write to you to tell you that I love you very much and want to see you awfully and I am going to do it though it is too late to ring for paper and someone has taken the ink off. I am getting so impatient to see you again. Now dont go and think I mean anything by this, honestly I don't honestly I only want to see you my Boy Bell again, it does seem a long time since you left don't let anything keep you away from me any longer than you intended it "Motif" to life and occupation for one's thoughts. My dear you don't know what a barbed arrow you planted in my bosom before you left to rankle when you were gone! Why I have been really frightened about myself and all because of what you said, viz: that if the discharge in my ears was stopped too suddenly the pus might go inwards and make trouble in my brain. Well there don't be alarmed it's all right. Well there was slight discharge and my whole head felt very queer so I sent for the Dr. and for two days could not get at him so that I had plenty of opportunity of nursing my alarm. Well he came at last, said it was all right I had caught cold but was getting better then. I might have known as much for I was fearfully stiff all over from head to foot one day. I had been out in the rain, next morning I was all right and today I feel better than for several days and my ears are all right. And Elsie is all right and also Daisy about whom also I was troubled. And the sun has come out again and you know it's influence on me which alas my dear is the exact reverse of that it has on your poor pretty eyes. I am sure they are playing the piano downstairs, Marie doesn't hear it so I've sent for Mr. J. I am sure of it now soft, now loud regularly. There, I was right at least, it was a musical 2 box. Mr. J. saw it on the table downstairs but I felt it better than Marie heard it. There I have used up all my paper so goodnight my own sweet husband, I do love you and want to see you again,

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Your, Mabel.